



REASONS  
FOR  
ABOLISHING  
CEREMONY.



3408453

ABORIGINAL

CEREMONY

# REASONS FOR ABOLISHING CEREMONY.

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By JONATHAN SWIFT, Junior.

*Rseudom*

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*Eo enim demontia venimus, ut qui parcè adlata-  
tur pro maligno fit.----- Sen.*

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To which is annex'd,

A N

## Occasional POEM,

By a Gentleman of Trinity - College in  
Cambridge.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXX.

REASONS  
FOR  
ABOLISHING  
CEREMONY.

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By JONATHAN SWIFT, Author.

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—A short, simple, and elegant Address, delivered at the Anti-Slavery Meeting, in the Methodist Chapel, on Saturday, the 25th of May, 1838.

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TO WISDOM IS APPEAL.

AN

OCCASIONAL POEM.

BY A SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, CALL'D THE  
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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London,  
1838.

[i]



# REASONS FOR ABOLISHING CEREMONY, &c.

AM in great hopes that this  
my Dissertation will meet  
with an honest Reception  
from all those True-blue Pro-  
*gressives*, who have already gone a great

St

B

Way

Way towards abrogating foppish Ceremonies in Religion: By making these Gentlemen my Friends, I am not the least suspicious that my Project will be declar'd obnoxious to the Government.

THIS nostrum, this Packet of mine,  
is of so excellent Use, that if the printed  
Direction be followed, it will not  
fail of bringing the World into a per-  
fect and sound Disposition. It clears  
the Complexion to a Miracle; there  
will be no farther Occasion to use Van-  
nil and Paint, to make a specious Out-  
side, every Thing will shine with a  
natural, easy, and beautiful Simplicity,

The good Bishop of B----, agrees with me, that Ceremony is the *Whore of Babylon*, and *Matron of Hypocrisy*.

She

She is as uncapable of making a *true Friend*, as Scaring a Man's Hand, instead of his *Conscience*, purely for *Conscience sake*, is productive of a *true Christian*. And the Bishop, to be plain, is a very clever Fellow! But I am not so much of a *Free-Thinker*, as to have Ceremony absolutely Abolish'd. Have Patience, and I'll fix my Limits: At present, I conceive, the many admirable Emoluments that will arise from laying her, in a manner, aside, will bring all *Lovers of Truth* to strike in with my Opinion,

*Imprimis,-----*

GENTLEMEN of Expedition will be under no manner of Obligation to sit out a tedious and persecuting Story: Your horrid Interpolations of —

So Sir —— and, as I was saying —  
 with, —— just the Day poor Tommy  
 dy'd —— The Year after the Fire of  
 London —— 'Tis Fact, Sir, —— &c.  
 — will be quite out of Fashion; your  
 Conversation will be *short and pitky*;  
 we shall have fewer Legends, — the  
 fatal Forerunners of *Popery*!

*Item.* ——

THE Nobility and Gentry of this  
 Land will be hereby exempt from Com-  
 plementing each other internally, with  
*G—d D—n* your Blood and Body,  
 commonly express'd by Sir; or, My  
 Lord, I am your Lordships most Ob-  
 sequious Humble Servant. My S—  
 will have no Occasion to say genteel  
 Things to the Man he despises, and the  
 World will hate one another *Hanesilly*.

*Ditto.*—

YOUR Ingeniocissimi viri the Critics  
will be considerably abased, *diminis'd*,  
and brought low. Illustrissimus Ri-  
chardus Ben—us, & Clarissimus ille  
Wa—rus, will appear in Print like their  
Neighbours. The learned Hollanders  
will not be at a loss to interpret Dr.  
Davis's Titles, prefix'd to a late Book  
of his, *Aitbore Jobanne Davisio, S.*  
*T. P. et J. U. D. C. R. C. M. C. E.*  
*R. D. P.* for the Explication of which,  
they are oblig'd to the most Famous  
Mr. Walker, as I have seen it in a  
Letter of his to the most admirable  
the young Gronovius — The Extract  
of which is as follows. — — “ I am  
“ not amaz'd that you have not ana-  
“ lys'd the Words *Aitbore Jobanne*  
“ *Davisio, S. T. P. et J. U. D. C. R.*  
“ *C. M.*

" C. M. C. E. R. D. P. Since the Do-  
 " ctor's Titles are relative to Places in  
 " *England*, Take the Interpretation as  
 " follows.— They Import, — By the  
 " Author *John Davis*, Doctor of Divi-  
 " nity, Doctor of Laws, Master of  
 " *Queen's Colledge, Cambridge*, Canon  
 " of *Ely*, and Rector of *Fen-Ditton*.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* — By our  
 Means, the World will not be impos'd  
 upon by Illustrious Counterfeits; since  
 we reserve Illustrissimus only applicable  
 to *Sir Isaac Newton*.

W I T H O U T doubt, I shall be suffi-  
 ciently despis'd for my bold censuring  
 the Ceremoniousness of these self-com-  
 mending Gentlemen — *Laudes, Lau-  
 deris ut absens*, is the Word — But I  
 promise them, I'll have a Dash at that

large

large Club which profess Ceremony, whether they be Courtiers, Dancing - Masters, Noblemen's Chaplains, Valets de Chambres, Foplings, Fiddlers, Dedi- cators, or Doctors of Faculties.

**P R O V I D E D** we judiciously ampu-  
tate that troublesome Ceremony of Cour-  
tiers attending the Levy's of the Prime  
Ministers of State, when they have no  
Business; we shall have those great Per-  
sons walk upright, and make use of  
their Eyes as they pass thro' the Anti-  
Chamber: They will longer, hereby,  
maintain their Posts and Dignities. It  
being Natural for a Gracious King, not  
to suffer a good Statesman to be bent  
double under the Load of Business.

Every

Enter a Body of sober Seniors, all  
 wise, will be ready to give up the Danc-  
 ing-Masters; singularly one has expe-  
 rienc'd the Misfortune of following that  
 Steps: It is they that introduc'd that  
 Hell-Fire Custom, and Phrase, of *Dan-  
 cing after a Man.*

Still aside the Ceremony of Hypo-  
 critical Fawning, and the Chaplains of  
 Noblemen will be upon a tolerable  
 Footing: There will be an Assembly at  
 the Desert, no Expectation that his Do-  
 thorship shou'd watch my Lord's Moti-  
 ons, exhibiting fast Paper for his Lord-  
 ship's Use upon Fundamental Points,  
 will not be exploded. And methinks  
 these are pretty Exemptions. But, Sec-  
 ondly,—as the Saying is, This Hy-  
pocrisy

poorify and Adulation ought to be abolisht'd, as contrary to Religion.

For Heavenly Minds from this Distemper foul, are ever free.

IT is down right Idolatry, Image-Worship. For thou shalt Worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou Serve.

As for Vallets de Chambres, and Foppings, let 'em go on in the old Road; Ambition is a Thing that all Christian People ought to abominate. Ambition wou'd be the Consequence if you abstract the external Form of the Persons of this Class.

I might have exempted the Fiddler, but a merry Gentleman of the Family of the Punsiby's (to whom I was oblig'd for my fundamental Point, in the last Paragraph) will now and then, in his serious Writings, intrude upon me a Pun. He would have the Fiddler demp-  
lish'd — For my part, I cou'd not apprehend the Reason. The Reason, by Lord, Jonathan, says he, because you  
know he's a Scraper.

I have never had much Opinion of Ceremonious Gravity, the Concomitant of Doctors, since I read John Lock. He styles it, the Mystery of the Body, invented to conceal the Defects of the Mind. Oh Gravity! with humble Sub-  
mission,

mission, and with all Deference be it  
spoken, that I

Hail, Gravity! Hail, awfull, Cheat,  
Hail, Varnisher of Fools, mysterious Bubble!  
Thou from Thinking freeſt the Soul  
Of which the Body seems to take the Trouble.

*MILTON* makes the *Devil* a Person of prime Gravity.—

He was the first Artificer of Fraud,  
That practis'd Falshood under Saintly Shev.

'Tis certain he was a very courtly, ceremonious Gentleman.

— — — — — Oft be bow'd  
His turret Neck, and sleek enamel'd Crest,  
Fawning, and lick'd the Ground wheron  
she trod.

and consider'd His native Bus' trion

I forbear the Dedicators, they have been so lately touch'd \* upon. As these Gentlemen have the Vice of being generally out of Pocket, it woud be barbarous to put them quite out of Temper. In a Word,

I offer it to all Persons of Quality, if my Scheme shou'd, in Part, be rejected, that they pay these Sycophants in their proper Coin ; give them Shadow for Shadow — A Nod for a Scrape. — That a Shake by the Hand be imparted as a prodigious Favour. — That Gentlemen, as the Reverend Dr. Miss G — n calls them) of downright upright Honesty, who shall hear these Vermin boasting of their Familiarities with

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\* Dedication upon Dedications.

with great Persons, shall wish them  
much Joy of their Preferment.

I shou'd do Injustice to my Cause, if  
I did not acquaint the World, that the  
learned *Academie del Sciences* have ob-  
serv'd, that the *French* Language has  
lost much of its Purity; — since cere-  
monious Gesture has introduc'd the  
Language call'd the *Dumb Show*; which  
I fear, has slept into *Great Britain*: And  
that Dr. *Mead*, imputes the Increase of  
paraletical Distempers, to the too frequent  
Gesticulation and Nutation of the Head.  
I imparted this Discovery to Mr. *Whif-  
ton*, but ( after his way of torturing  
and turning Things ) he told me, I  
certainly mistook the Doctor, that I  
was not right in my Head; — for he  
must mean the Nutation of the Pole.

IT

IT has been the Happiness of our Family never to have been troubled with the *Palsy*, which confirms me in the Doctor's Opinion; my Ancestors being very rarely seen to nod. We have religiously took care to live up to the Motto of our Coat, without stooping, which is,

*Os homini sublime dedit, &c. —*

But as it seems necessary that this & for abolishing Ceremony, shou'd have certain Limitations as well as other Acts. — Reserve we still, whatever has been said to the contrary notwithstanding, the singular Privilege and Power of Bowing. — The Right of Ceremony; the Fucus of the parasiti-

cal Phis (during the Ministry of the  
 L—d S—d) to the  
 grand Triumvirate, the B—p of  
 N—s—ch. The very Re—nd the  
 Ch—er of L—b. The good  
 A—b De—n of N—ch. To  
 all and singular the Tri—n, — libus  
 C—k—bus, St—rg—fibus: And  
 by way of Supplement, we reserve to  
 the Right R—v'r—d the B—p of  
 Pe—rb—gb (as he shall answer it at  
 the dreadful Day of Judgment) the  
 Ceremony of saying, or doing, what  
 he pleases, without being regarded in  
 this World. But by all Means let an  
 Imbargo be laid upon the Tangue of  
 Madam the Pre—ess.  
 We reserve to Noblemen to be Ce-  
 remonious, to stand upon Punctilio's of  
 true

true Honour, not extending their Promises of good Offices beyond their Intentions. But we by no means approve of the Ceremony paid to Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels — Those we strike out of the List of Honour — excepting at the Time of a Siege, or Campaign : They are heartily welcome to enjoy the Benefit of Sir John Falstaff's *Grimming Honour.*

**T**o the Ladies we'll be as indulgent as possible. Let them have their Privileges of Place and Precedence, according to Rank and Birth ; but we do not allow any Lady, above the Age of Five and Twenty, who has stood her Market, shall have any Claim : She is welcome to sit next the Door. For the Regulation

Regulation of this, it might be proper to have a Register's Office, where all ancient Families, who can shew Pedigrees before the Conquest, should be registered, the Age of the several living Branches set down, and their Honours adjusted; and after the Age of Five and Twenty, all Maids presumptive to migrate in the List of the Married, or, to be struck out of the Calender.

It wou'd not offend against the Rules of Order, if the Daughters of 'Squires, Squiverets, and Squirts, hold their Places by the Right of *Primo-leisure*. But I think the Wits, Flirts, and Coquets shou'd generally be dispos'd of in the lowest Order, by Way of Lent: —

D

THERE

THE ~~KE~~ must by all Means be a Me-  
deration of Ceremony in the Affairs of  
Love. Let the fair Sex be so ceremoni-  
ous to themselves, as not cry Quarter up-  
on the first Attack. But, on the other  
Hand, I think the Citadel ought to be de-  
livered up upon honourable Terms. Points  
of Honour, as well as Courage, may be  
carried too far. It is in Love as in War-  
fare; it's Madness in a Sett of Men, to  
defend a Fort to the last, when Surrender  
must at last be the Consequence, and  
thereby be reduc'd to utmost Famine: So  
in Love, verily it is an Abomination, to  
stand out contrary to Inclination, and  
thereby *by putting a Violence upon Na-*  
*ture, pine to the unnatural Con-*  
*sumption of Pipes, Coals, and Sealing-*  
*Wax.*

I would not have any Gentleman mistake me, and think I am for abolishing that Respect and Ceremony which has ever been owing to the Fair Sex; I would have all Ceremony reserv'd that may advance Modesty and Decency. Antiquity tells us dreadful Stories how the Gods and Goddesses have tortured Mortals for Breach of Ceremony to the Ladies.

THE following Verses (which I had from a Friend of Trinity College in Cambridge) I set forth, as a Caution and Example to all presumptuous young Gentlemen, least they fall under the same Judgment that was pour'd out upon Doctor Sassafras,

*gathered*

**H**IGH in the Peak of Darby is a Bath  
 Far fam'd, by name Bucftonian; ne'er  
 (a Fount  
 Sung by the Mantuan or Maeonian Bard,  
 More Health-restoring flows; from ev'ry Wind  
 Britannia's Pride, when gentle Seasons reign,  
 Restoring Crowd. — But chiefly Sassafras  
 Prescribing Physick, yearly treads the Turf.

The Sun ascending o'er the ragged Cliff  
 Shone beamy; pendent on the Bloom of Ling  
 The purpling Dew wide o'er the moory Waste  
 Twinkl'd, when Virgins five from golden  
 (Dreams  
 Awaking, basty rose, and to the Bath  
 Descended loosely rob'd, and in they leap'd  
 Exulting,

Exulting, round their snowy Limbs the Waves  
 Wanton'd, and conscious clapp'd their Hands  
 (for Joy.  
 Whether possess'd by some revengeful Ghost,  
 Sent immaturely to the gloomy shade,  
 By bold Experiment, or spiteful Gnome,  
 The Son of Aesculapius, in his Breast  
 Had form'd a foul Design, by Wile or Force  
 To gain his Passage, where the Virgins five  
 Disporting, chearful play'd amidst the Waves.

Thro' circular Hole his treacherous Finger  
 (pass'd  
 Exploring if he could surprize the Latch.  
 In vain.—The lofty Wall deny'd his Court.—  
 Thrice he assay'd to force the well-barr'd  
 (Door,  
 And

And thine own well-born'd Dolor, his Impulse  
 abhorr'd his equal, and his hand, h' (strong  
 & sturd) — Fear, Dismay, Confusion seiz'd.  
 Their Virgin-breasts, e'en doubting where to  
 fly, (and O! if you will not have me read) run  
 Or bide themselves, precipitate they fled.

So when a Hawk on sounding Pinions swoops  
 Pouncing, deluded of his Prey, the Brood  
 Of lonely Pheasant fowls beneath the Brake,  
 And struck with Terror, scarce believe they  
 (live).

But Dina, Guardian chaste of Modesty,  
 O'er silver Founts, and sylvan Scenes, the Seats  
 Of innocence, presiding; view'd the Tomb  
 Rabb, as Acteon, who in days of Yore  
 Inquisitively vain had felt the Fate

Book

Of

Of her avenging Hand, at such a Deed  
 Unceremonious to the gentle Sex

(In form of Cook-Maid plac'd behind the  
 (Door)

Incens'd she strait drew back the sliding Bolt,  
 Pleas'd and presumptive in the Hero rush'd.

The Goddess hasty falling on his Rear,  
 Plung'd him in Headlong; down he forthwith  
 (sunk)

And smote the golden-tinckur'd Pavement, soon  
 He rose impatient of the reeking Flood.

Thus have I seen my Godly Grandsire oft  
 On Sunday - Morn the Pot inspecting, view  
 With wondrous Glee his Pudding fraughe  
 (with Plumbs,

Right-trusty, well-beloved : He intent  
 Pops down - impelling the triumphant Spbere,

The

The boiling Surge quick waves him up again.

In this Distress the ruefull Wight invok'd  
Old Galen, and Hippocrates ; but they  
Heard not his Pray'r, or bearing Aid de-  
(ny'd,

Had not Apollo, God of Verse and Health,  
Pity'd his Son, at this Day ne'er had he  
On Nymphs distress'd by Love's consuming  
(Fires  
Practis'd his Art at Granta's famed Town.

But kind Apollo interposing 'twixt  
The Goddess and his Son, just where the  
(Air

In undulating Motion strikes the Sense,  
He siez'd him, and up-lifting on the Brink,  
Plac'd him all - dripping. — Comus, God of  
(Joke,

Meantime,

Meantime, by artful Noise, had drawn a  
 of a Boy (you not I said) (Crow'd,  
 Inquisitive to know what Novel Thing  
 Had then befall'n; they stood, when by ill  
 to them selfs (as not to his) (Fate  
 The luckless Mortal, --bursting from the Door,  
 Flew to obtain a Refuge: —As he ran,  
 Dividing on each Hand, they made a Pass,  
 And Peals of Laughter added to his Speed.

So when a Crowd of Boys have seiz'd a Dog,  
 Fast to his Tail they tie a tortr'ing String,  
 Twitching, and fast adjoin an antique Skoe;  
 Let loose, he flies the Pain, and to the  
 (Flight  
 The ratt'ling Shoe adds Swiftness; look behind  
 He dares not, shouts and cries fierce drive him on  
 With three-fold Fear unto his native Dome.

ALL that I expect for my Project is, to have the King's Letters Patents, &c, to follow the Steps of my good Uncle Jonathan; and from a small Preferment of 30*l.* per *Annum* be preferr'd to a good Deanary, without any farther Ceremony.

F I N E S.

